



No. 91

BOY COMMANDOS

The BATMAN



TEN  
CENTS

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

SEPT.

# Detective COMICS

YOU GUessed IT!  
THE TITLE OF  
THE STORY IS  
"THE CASE OF THE  
PRACTICAL JOKER!"



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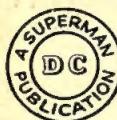
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\*Because the War Production Board has ordered a reduction in the use of paper, MORE FUN and ADVENTURE will be published bi-monthly; ALL-FLASH, ALL-STAR COMICS, WONDER WOMAN and MUTT & JEFF will become quarterly; ALL-AMERICAN will be published only eight times a year, and PICTURE STORIES FROM THE BIBLE only twice a year until further notice.

## FOR SPINE-TINGLING ACTION...



## OR RIB-TICKLING HUMOR...



## LOOK FOR THIS SUPERMAN D-C SYMBOL!



Yes, that Superman D-C Symbol appears on the cover of twenty-one of the very best comics published...ranging all the way from the action-packed adventures of Superman, Batman and other thrilling heroes to the laugh-loaded humor of Mutt and Jeff, The Three Mouseketeers, Dover and Clover and other ha-ha heroes. Whichever you prefer, you'll find your favorites in the comic magazines with the Superman D-C Symbol on the cover. Look for it!



# BATMAN

WITH  
**ROBIN**  
- THE BOY WONDER -



**A**NY ARE THE GUILELESS VICTIMS OF THE JOKER'S CRUEL CUNNING HUMOR... BUT FEW ARE THOSE WHO HAVE PAID THE CONNIVING COMEDIAN BACK IN HIS OWN CRAFTY COIN! BUT WHEN SOME ONE DARES TO MAKE THE BANDIT BUFFOON HIMSELF THE BUTT OF PAINFUL JESTS... WHEN SOME ONE DARES TO RIDICULE THE CLOWNING ROGUE... TO MOCK THE MENACING MASTER OF MOCKERY... THEN THAT DYNAMIC DUO, BATMAN AND ROBIN, KNOW THAT THEY ARE IN FOR THRILLS AND CHILLS APLENTY AS THEY PURSUE THE MALEVOLENT JOKER IN THEIR ATTEMPT TO PUT AN END TO...

"THE CASE  
OF THE PRACTICAL  
JOKER"

**FROM BEHIND STEEL BARS COMES  
MOCKING, SPINE-CHILLING LAUGHTER...**

THE WAY THE  
JOKER LAUGHS  
GIVES ME THE  
CREEPS! WONDER  
WHAT HE'S GOT  
UP HIS SLEEVE  
NEXT!



SOMEBODY  
PUT THAT IN  
MY BED!

LOOKS LIKE THE  
KIND OF PRACTICAL  
JOKES YOU PLAY  
YOURSELF, JOKERS!  
BUT THIS TIME  
THE JOKE'S ON  
YOU! HA, HA!

**DURING  
THE  
REST  
PERIOD...**

SOMEBODY PULLED  
THAT CHAIR AWAY  
FROM UNDER ME!  
WHEN I FIND OUT  
WHO IT IS, I'LL KILL  
HIM! I'LL KILL HIM!

JOKER,  
YOU'RE  
RIOT!  
FUNNIE  
THAN  
EVER!

HA.  
HA!

**THE SOUND OF MIRTHLESS  
GAIETY ECHOES DOWN  
THE GRIM CORRIDORS...**

YOU'VE GOT  
NOTHING TO  
LAUGH AT,  
JOKER? YOU'RE  
GOING TO SPEND  
THE REST OF  
YOUR LIFE  
IN JAIL!

HA! HA!  
TIME  
WILL  
TELL?  
HA?  
HA?



**BUT TIME BRINGS THE HARLEQUIN  
OF HATE NO CAUSE FOR  
AMUSEMENT... THAT NIGHT...**

AMUSEMENT? . . THAT NIGHT . .

A black and white comic panel. At the top, the word "YEEEEEOW" is written in large, jagged red letters. Below it, a man in a dark suit and tie is shown in a dynamic, running pose, moving from right to left. He is looking back over his shoulder. To his left, a chain of yellow five-pointed stars hangs from the ceiling. In the bottom right corner, there is a large, light-colored speech bubble containing the text:

QUIET,  
THERE!  
WHAT'S  
GOING ON,  
JOKER?

**AND AT BREAKFAST...**

## SOMEbody PUT VINEGAR IN MY COFFEE?

IT'S SURE  
TURNED YOU  
INTO A  
SOURPUSS,  
JOKER! HA, HA!



AND NEXT MORNING, AT THE HOME OF SOCIALITE BRUCE WAYNE AND HIS YOUNG WARD, DICK GRAYSON...

HA HA! THE  
JOKER HAS  
FOUND HIS  
MATCH AT  
LAST!

**ALL THROUGH  
THE  
DAY,  
THE MASTER  
OF  
MOCKERY  
FINDS  
HIMSELF  
THE  
VICTIM  
OF  
ONE  
CRUEL  
JEST  
AFTER  
ANOTHER!**





## DETECTIVE COMICS



DON'T BE SO SURE OF THAT, DICK! I CAN'T SEE AN ORDINARY CONVICT OR GUARD PUTTING ANYTHING OVER ON HIM!

IT DOES SEEM STRANGE!

WHEN SOMEBODY SEEMS TO BE GETTING THE BETTER OF THAT CUNNING SCOUNDREL, IT'S TIME TO BE SUSPICIOUS! I'D BETTER DO A LITTLE INVESTIGATING!



THAT EVENING...

HA HA, I CAN'T HELP LAUGHING EVERY TIME I THINK OF THE JOKER! HE'S SO BURNED UP HE'S FUNNY!

HEY, WHAT... UGH...

SORRY, FELLOW, THIS CAN'T BE HELPED!

HE DOESN'T KNOW IT, BATMAN, BUT HE'S LUCKY! ALL HE'LL HAVE TO DO IS TAKE THINGS EASY...

DO WHILE I DO HIS WORK FOR HIM, I HOPE HE'S GRATEFUL WHEN HE FINDS OUT!



LATER, A MASTER OF DISGUISE TRANSFORMS HIS FEATURES WITH ASTOUNDING SKILL...

GEE, BRUCE, YOU LOOK SO MUCH LIKE HIM, YOU'D EVEN FOOL ME!

I HAVE TO DO A GOOD JOB, ROBIN. THE JOKER WON'T BE EASY TO DECEIVE!

AND SOON BRUCE WAYNE, PRETENDED PLAYBOY, ENTERS A NEW PHASE OF HIS EXCITING CAREER...

HE DOESN'T SUSPECT I'M NOT REALLY HIS GUARD!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING NOW, JOKER, PLANNING HOW TO ROB A BANK?

I'M THROUGH WITH ROBBING BANKS! MY NEXT CRIME WILL BE... THE THEFT OF AN ENTIRE CITY!



DETECTIVE COMICS



THE THEFT OF A CITY! I WONDER IF THE JOKER IS LOSING HIS GRIP!

HA, HA! YES, I AM DOING NOTHING! BUT REMEMBER NERO FIDDED WHILE ROME BURNED? HA, HA!

YOU TALK BIG, JOKER... BUT YOU'RE DOING NOTHING WHILE SOMEBODY IS PLAYING PRACTICAL JOKES ON YOU!

THE JOKER IS TALKING IN RIDDLES TODAY! BUT THERE MUST BE SOMETHING BEHIND HIS WORDS! NERO FIDDED... HMM...

LATER...

**HELP FIRE**

NOW'S MY CHANCE TO SEE THE JOKER AS A VICTIM!

SOMEBODY SET FIRE TO MY MATTRESS!

AND YOU'RE ALL BURNED UP! HA, HA!

I'VE BEEN WATCHING THAT CELL ALL THE TIME... HMM... I'M BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND!

I'LL GET THE MAN WHO'S PLAYING THESE TRICKS ON ME AND MAKE HIM LAUGH ON THE OTHER SIDE OF HIS FACE!

I THINK I KNOW WHO-HE IS!

NEXT DAY...

THIS IS A PERFECT CHANCE FOR A PRACTICAL JOKE! HERE'S WHERE THE JOKER GETS SOAKED!

HAS THE BATMAN SOLVED THE MYSTERY SO SOON? CAN YOU GUESS WHO THE MYSTERIOUS PRANKSTER IS?

IT'S JUST AS I THOUGHT! THAT BUCKET WAS WAITING FOR HIM!

STILL ANOTHER TRICK ON THE JOKER! HA, HA!

WHAT...



DETECTIVE COMICS

SUDDENLY WHILE EVERYONE LAUGHS AT THE PLIGHT OF THE KILLER-CLOWN... MENACING MISSILES COME HURTLING FROM OUTSIDE THE PRISON WALL!

LAUGH, FOOLS, LAUGH! SOON IT WILL BE MY TURN!

THE JOKER DELIBERATELY WALKED UNDER THAT BUCKET? I'LL HAVE TO BE ON THE ALERT!

HA HA HA



WE'VE TAKEN CARE OF THE GUARDS ALONG THE WALL BOSS, BUT YOU'D BETTER HURRY BEFORE THEY STOP CRYIN'!

GOOD-BYE, FOOLS! I'M LEAVING! GIVE MY REGARDS TO THE WARDEN!

JUST A MINUTE, JOKER. YOU FORGOT TO SAY GOOD-BYE TO ME!

HA, HA! HAS THE LIQUID IN THAT BUCKET CONTAINED A CHEMICAL THAT NEUTRALIZES TEAR-GAS? I'M THE ONLY ONE HERE NOW WHO ISN'T CRYING!

THIS HANDKERCHIEF ISN'T AS EFFECTIVE AS THE JOKER'S, BUT IT WILL PROTECT MY EYES UNTIL I CAN GET OUT OF THE YARD!



MAYBE THAT GAS COULDNT DO IT, BUT THIS PUNCH WILL BRING TEARS TO YOUR EYES!

UGH...

YOU MEDDLING FOOL...



As THE BATMAN STUMBLIES BLINDLY...

SPRINGING FROM BEHIND THE MANTLED NEMESIS OF CRIME, TWO NEWCOMERS SUDDENLY JOIN THE FRAY?

TOO BAD YOU DIDN'T REALIZE, BATMAN, THAT I HAD A COUPLE OF MEN IN RESERVE!

THAT GAS IS FINALLY GETTING ME! MY EYES ARE BEGINNING TO SMART!

GOOD-BYE, MEDDLER! IF I HAD THE TIME, I'D STAY TO FINISH YOU OFF!

I CAN'T SEE WHERE I'M GOING!



DETECTIVE COMICS



A SUDDEN GUST OF WIND DISPELLED THE LINGERING CLOUD OF GAS... BUT THE BATMAN, EYES STILL SMARTING...

MUST BE A TRICK! THE JOKER WOULDN'T DO ME ANY FAVORS!

BUT IF YOU INSIST ON FOLLOWING US, BATMAN... WE'LL HOLD THE NET FOR YOU! HA, HA!

GUIDED BY THE SOUND OF THE BANDIT BUFFOON'S VOICE, THE BATMAN TWISTS TO ONE SIDE AS HE PLUNGES DOWN...

THANKS FOR BREAKING MY FALL AND SAVING MY LIFE, JOKER!

YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS YET, BATMAN! GET HIM, MEN!

BUT NOW A YOUTHFUL, DYNAMIC FIGURE CATAPOULTS INTO THE FRAY... ROBIN, THE BOY WONDER...

HERE'S ANOTHER PRACTICAL JOKE... A HOT FOOT, IN YOUR FACE!

I MAY BE ONLY A ROBIN... BUT I KNOW HOW TO HANDLE A JAILBIRD!

OKAY, KID, YOU ASKED FOR IT!

I'M TIRED OF BEING A ROBIN PERCHED ON A TELEGRAPH POLE! BATMAN PHONED ME TO WAIT THERE... BUT NOW IT'S TIME FOR ACTION!

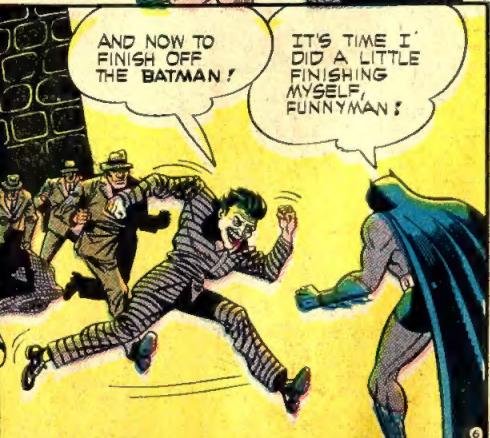
THAT ISN'T FUNNY, YOU BIRD-BRAINED BRAT!

THIS WILL HOLD YOU TILL WE DISPOSE OF YOUR INTERFERING FRIEND!

**HEY!**

AND NOW TO FINISH OFF THE BATMAN!

IT'S TIME I DID A LITTLE FINISHING MYSELF, FUNNYMAN!



DETECTIVE COMICS



BUT UNEXPECTEDLY, FROM THE PRISON WALLS COMES THE RATTLE OF MACHINE-GUN FIRE!

THE GUARDS MUST HAVE GOT OVER THE EFFECTS OF THE TEAR-GAS, BOSS!

BUT THEY CAN'T SEE WELL YET, AND THEY DON'T REALIZE THEY'RE SHOOTIN' AT THE BATMAN, TOO! HA, HA!

RATATAT

RATATAT

AHHH

PING-PONG

SECONDS LATER, AS ROBIN FINALLY RELEASES HIMSELF FROM THE ENTANGLING MESHES OF THE NET...

BATMAN! YOU'RE NOT HURT BADLY...

JUST A FLESH WOUND, ROBIN! I'LL BE ALL RIGHT!

WE'RE SORRY WE SHOT AT YOU, BATMAN! BUT OUR EYES WERE STILL SMARTING FROM THAT TEAR GAS!

AS THE GUARDS DEPART...

WELL, BATMAN, THE JOKER TOOK THE WINNING TRICKS THAT TIME! EVEN THOUGH YOU GUESSED HE WAS PLAYING THOSE PRACTICAL JOKES ON HIMSELF!

YES, ROBIN, HE WAS JUST SETTING THE STAGE FOR THAT ESCAPE! ONCE OR TWICE HE USED A CONFEDERATE, BUT MOST OF THE TIME HE WAS BOTH JESTER AND VICTIM?

BUT I THINK WE'LL RUN INTO HIM AGAIN SOON! HE BOASTED HE WAS GOING TO STEAL A WHOLE CITY! HM... FIRST I'LL RELEASE THAT GUARD WHOSE PLACE I TOOK...

SEVERAL DAYS LATER...

THE JOKER MUST BE CRAZY! HE'S PRACTICALLY SURRENDERING TO THE POLICE!

GOTHAM SQUARE IS A BIG PLACE, ROBIN! HE'S COUNTING ON THAT!

DON'T MISS THE FUNNIEST STUNT OF ALL TIME! AT 8 P.M. TUESDAY, THE JOKER WILL SLIP ON A BANANA PEEL IN GOTHAM SQUARE! SEE THE MASTER VICTIMIZED AS HE HAS VICTIMIZED OTHERS!

AT THE APPOINTED TIME, A MILLING, EXCITED CROWD PACKS GOTHAM SQUARE.

WE WANT TO SEE THE JOKER! IT'S TIME HE SHOWED UP!

KEEP MOVIN', THERE! KEEP MOVIN'!

DETECTIVE COMICS

AS DEEP BELLS CHIME THE HOUR OF EIGHT...

HERE I AM, BOYS! I ALWAYS KEEP MY PROMISES!

WE'VE GOT HIM SURROUNDED! HE CAN'T ESCAPE THIS TIME!

OOPS! THE JOKE'S ON ME! I SLIPPED!

HERE'S WHERE YOU SLIP BACK TO JAIL!

SUDDENLY, FROM THE WINDOWS OF A NEARBY BUILDING, COMES A SHOWER OF BANANA PEELS, CAST BY THE JOKER'S THUGS!



HERE'S THE TREASURE I CAME FOR! A MODEL OF GOTHAM CITY... MADE WITH PRECIOUS STONES, AND DONE WITH SKILL THAT CAN'T BE MATCHED! IT'S WORTH A MILLION!

AS THE EVIL HARLEQUIN'S HENCHMEN DESCEND FROM THE UPPER STORIES OF THE BUILDING...



CARRY IT INTO THE ELEVATOR AND WE'LL TAKE IT UP TO THE ROOF! QUICK, BEFORE THOSE COPS RECOVER!

SURE, BOSS! AND IF THOSE COPS TRY TO BOTHER US, WE'LL LET 'EM HAVE A FEW MORE BANANA PEELS!

SUDDENLY... FROM THE DOOR TO THE CELLAR...

I FIGURED THIS MIGHT BE WHAT THE JOKER MEANT WHEN HE SAID HE'D STEAL A CITY!

THAT PAIR BUTTING IN AGAIN!



DETECTIVE COMICS



DETECTIVE COMICS

AS TWO MANTLED SHAPES Emerge  
ON THE ROOFTOP...

I DON'T  
SEE HIM,  
BATMAN!

WE'LL SPLIT UP,  
ROBIN, AND GO IN  
OPPOSITE DIRECTIONS!  
LET ME KNOW IF  
YOU PICK UP ANY  
SIGN OF HIM!

ON A NEARBY ROOFTOP, AN  
OPEN DOORWAY BECKONS!  
AS BATMAN MOVES FORWARD  
CAUTIOUSLY...

BETTER WATCH MY STEP!  
THE JOKER MAY BE  
LYING IN WAIT FOR  
ME!

SUDDENLY, THE MASTER CRIME-  
FIGHTER SEES THE LEERING  
FACE OF THE HARLEQUIN HATE!

WAITING FOR ME, JOKER?  
WELL, I DON'T WANT  
YOU TO WASTE YOUR  
TIME... HERE  
I COME!

YOU'RE SLIPPERY,  
JOKER... BUT  
YOU'RE NOT  
SLIDING OUT OF  
THIS!

THIS IS GOING  
TO HURT YOU  
MORE THAN IT  
DOES ME,  
BATMAN!

HA, HA! HIT  
ME AGAIN,  
BATMAN!

WHAT...  
HUH...?

**CRASH!**

I SEE...  
MIRRORS!

NOT ALL THE FIGURES  
ARE REFLECTIONS,  
BATMAN! ONE OF  
THEM IS REAL!

WHY NOT  
SHOOT HIM  
NOW AND  
GET IT OVER  
WITH, BOSS?

SILENCE, FOOL!  
THE JOKER ISN'T  
SO CRUDE! I  
PREFER TO HAVE  
BATMAN FURNISH  
ME WITH SOME  
INNOCENT AMUSEMENT  
FIRST!

DETECTIVE COMICS

THE BOUND FIGURE OF THE EVIL JESTER'S ARCH-FOE IS CARRIED TO THE ROOF ONCE MORE...

SO YOU'RE GOING IN FOR PEA-SHOOTING NOW, JOKER!

YES, BATMAN! MIXED IN WITH THESE PEAS IS A POISONED DART... YOU DON'T KNOW WHEN IT'S COMING, BUT WHEN IT DOES -- JUST A TOUCH, AND IT'S CURTAINS FOR YOU!

MEANWHILE, UNSUCCESSFUL IN PICKING UP THE JOKER'S TRAIL, THE BOY WONDER RETRACES HIS STEPS... AND HEARS A TAUNTING LAUGH...

BULL'S-EYE AGAIN! SOON I'LL BE SHOOTING THAT POISON DART, BATMAN! HA, HA!

GOLLY! BATMAN CAPTURED -- IN DANGER! GOT TO DO SOMETHING, BUT THERE ARE TOO MANY OF THEM! AH, HERE'S SOMETHING THAT OUGHT TO BE USEFUL!

THE WIND MUST HAVE BLOWN IT HERE... NOW, WITH THIS HEAVY RUBBER BAND I PICKED UP TO TURN IN FOR SALVAGE, AND SOME STONES FROM THE ROOF...

HA, HA! MAYBE THIS ONE IS THE POISONED DART!

THE JOKER IS IN A LAUGHING MOOD! I HOPE HE APPRECIATES THE HUMOR OF THIS!

IT MUST BE A COP! HE'S SHOOTIN' AT US WITH A SILENCED GUN!

THIS PROVES THAT THE SLINGSHOT IS MIGHTIER THAN THE PEASHOOTER!

**OWW...**  
I'M WOUNDED...  
I'M KILLED...

BETTER GET OUT OF HERE, BOSS, BEFORE THAT SHARP-SHOOTER PICKS US ALL OFF!

YOU'RE LUCKY THIS TIME, BATMAN, BUT YOU WON'T ESCAPE SO EASILY AGAIN!

AS THE BAFFLED BUFFOON MAKES A HASTY RETREAT...

SO IT WAS YOU, ROBIN? I DON'T TELL ME YOU USED A GUN?

IT WAS ONLY A SLINGSHOT, BATMAN! BUT THE JOKER DIDN'T SEE ME, AND IT WAS GOOD ENOUGH TO BLUFF HIM!

A FEW DAYS LATER... THE MIRTHFUL MENACE SHOWS HIS SINISTER HAND ONCE MORE...

Dear Commissioner Gordon:  
Tonight you will see the Joker become the victim of a whole series of practical jokes in Gotham Square! I will not play any jokes on the police this time! I'll be counting on you to be there! The Joker

A FURIOUS POLICE COMMISSIONER SCANS THE JOKER'S IMPUDENT LETTER...

THIS TIME THE JOKER HAS GONE TOO FAR! THE MOMENT HE SETS FOOT IN GOTHAM SQUARE, WELL NAB HIM!

EVERY POLICEMAN WE CAN SPARE WILL BE COVERING THE PLACE!

THAT NIGHT AS THE POLICE WAIT IMPATIENTLY...

BUT NOT IN PERSON! IT'S ONLY A MOVIE!



SOMEBODY'S MAKING A FOOL OF THE JOKER... BUT ONLY IN THE MOVIE!



MEANWHILE, LEARNING OF THE JOKER'S MISSED, THE BATMAN HAS MADE PLANS OF HIS OWN...

GOTHAM MUSIC CO.

RARE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

I THINK WE'RE GOING TO FIND AN OLD FRIEND, ROBIN! HE USED A TRICK TO GET THE POLICE AWAY FROM HERE, BUT I KNOW HE'LL BE HAPPY TO SEE US!

WHAT'S THE IDEA OF COMING HERE, BATMAN?

HOW'D YOU KNOW WE'D FIND THE JOKER HERE?

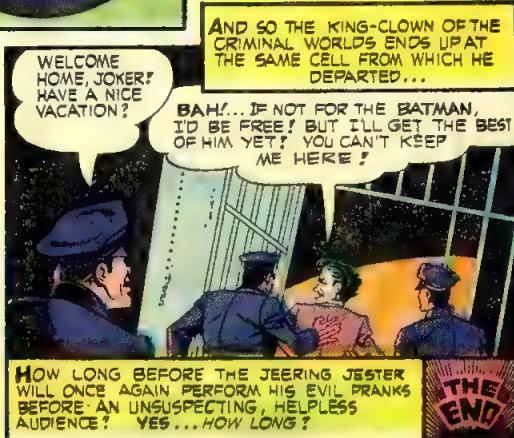
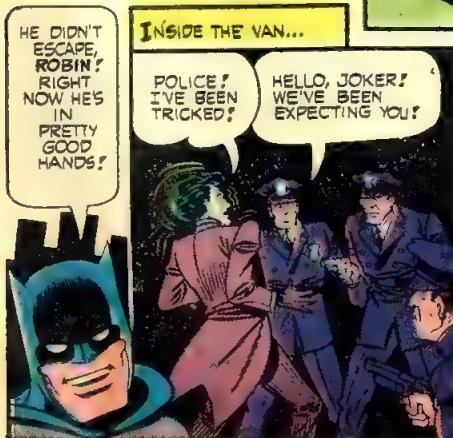
A REMARK OF HIS IN JAIL ABOUT NERO FIDDLING WHILE ROME BURNED? IT REVEALED WHAT WAS ON HIS MIND?

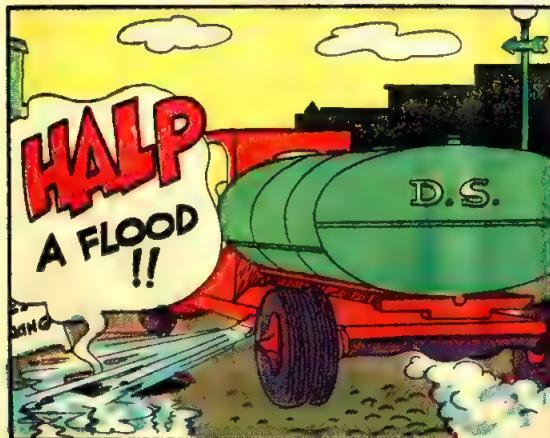
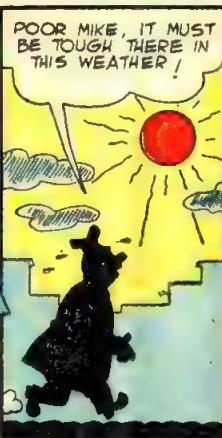
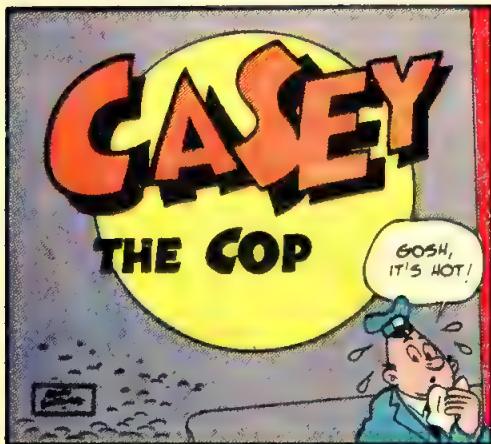
THIS RARE OLD STRADIVARIUS IS WORTH \$50,000! IT... WHAT... ?!



DETECTIVE COMICS

DC  
COMICS  
PUBLISHERS





**LIGHTER MOMENTS** with  
**fresh Eveready Batteries**



"Wait till he throws down some more coconuts!"

**I**F YOU FIND your dealer out of "Eveready" flashlight batteries when you call—please understand this: Most of those we're now able to make go to the armed forces, lend-lease and essential war industries.

*If you can't say it with bombs—say it with bonds. Buy those War Bonds every payday!*

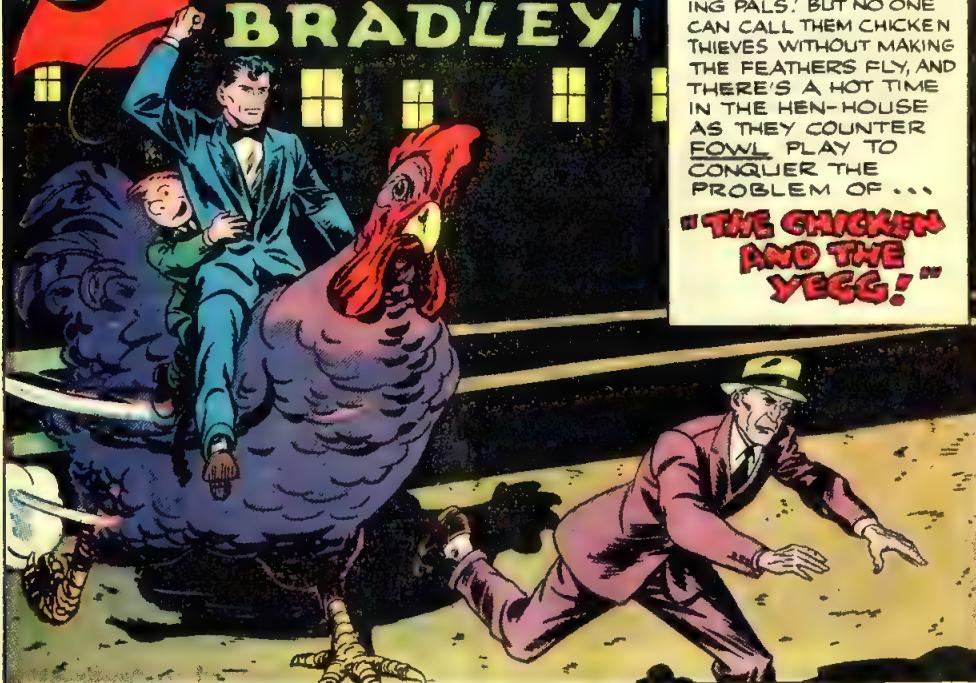
The word "Eveready" is a registered trade-mark of National Carbon Company, Inc.

FRESH BATTERIES LAST LONGER . . . Look for the date line →



**EVEREADY**  
TRADE-MARK

# SLAM BRADLEY!



A DIP SLIPS OFF WITH A DIAMOND RIGHT UNDER THE NOSE OF THAT MIGHTY MITE, SHORTY MORGAN--AND DARK DAYS LOOM FOR OUR TWO PUNCH-PACKING PALS! BUT NO ONE CAN CALL THEM CHICKEN THIEVES WITHOUT MAKING THE FEATHERS FLY, AND THERE'S A HOT TIME IN THE HEN-HOUSE AS THEY COUNTER FOWL PLAY TO CONQUER THE PROBLEM OF ...

**"THE CHICKEN  
AND THE  
VEGG!"**



HEY, MISTER  
WHAT'S YOUR  
HURRY? WHERE'S  
THE FIRE? BUT  
WAIT--CAN THIS  
PURSUING PAIR  
OF ELEGANTLY  
GARBED FIGURES  
REALLY BE THOSE  
INCOMPARABLE  
SLEUTHS, SLAM  
BRADLEY AND  
SHORTY MORGAN?  
AND WHAT'S  
ALL THE RUSH  
ABOUT?



DETECTIVE COMICS



AREN'T YOU SUPPOSED TO BE A DETECTIVE, RUNT? HEY--WE'RE RUNNING RIGHT PAST OUR OWN HOUSE!

IF THAT SKUNK IN PEACOCK'S CLOTHING RUINS SO MUCH AS A RADISH IN MY VICTORY GARDEN, I'LL--



DRAT THOSE DETECTIVES! I CAN'T SHAKE 'EM! WHY CAN'T THEY CATCH A COUPLA MOIDERERS, INSTEAD O' BOTHERIN' A POOR JEWEL THIEF!

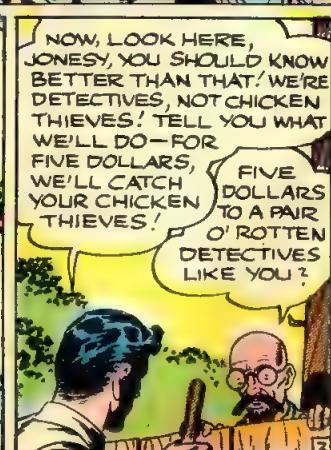
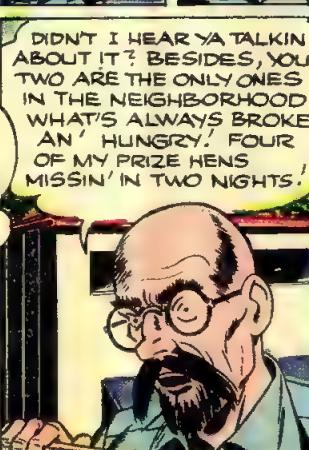
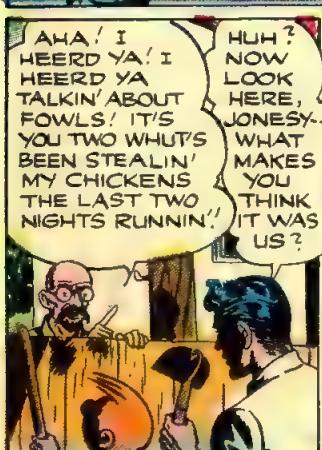
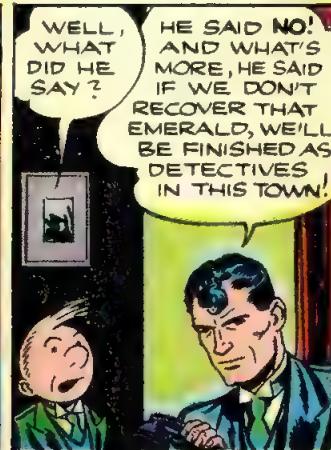


WOW! SOUNDS LIKE HE FELL ON HIS FACE!

OR ON A FEW OF OLD MAN JONES'S PRIZE HENS? THE OLD BOY OUGHT TO BE STICKING HIS HEAD OUT OF THE WINDOW AND BELLOWING BY NOW!



DETECTIVE COMICS



DETECTIVE COMICS

DC COMICS

DC

FUST PLACE, I AIN'T  
TOO SURE YA AINT  
GUILTY YERSLEVES!  
BUT IF YOU KIN CATCH  
THEM CHICKEN THIEVES,  
I'LL GIVE YA TWO  
DOLLARS! NOT  
A CENT MORE!

TAKE  
IT, I  
SLAM-  
WE,  
CAN'T  
AFFORD  
TO BE  
CHOOSEY.

SO  
THAT  
AFTER-  
NOON,  
THE  
BUSTED  
PALS  
MAKE  
PREPARA-  
TIONS  
FOR THE  
APPRE-  
HENSON  
OF THE  
POULTRY  
PILFERERS...

IF THE THIEVES  
COME BACK TONIGHT,  
WE'LL BE LISTENING  
IN OUR ROOM WITH  
A PAIR OF EARPHONES.  
THIS MIKE'LL PICK  
UP ANY SOUND  
THEY MAKE!

ALL I GOTTA  
SAY IS IT'S A  
LOTTA WORK  
FOR A  
COUPLA  
CLAMS!



AND THAT NIGHT...

TWO HOURS,  
AN' NOT  
A SOUND  
BUT A  
COLLECTION  
O' CACKLES!

I ADMIT IT  
MIGHT BE A  
BIT LESS DULL  
IF WE UNDER-  
STOOD HEN-  
LANGUAGE...  
HUUH--WHAT'S  
THAT? WAIT!

DIS IS IT! YA GOT DEM  
CRATES READY? GOOD!  
DA BOSS AIN'T TAKIN' NO  
CHANCES OF HAVIN' TO  
DO DIS ALL OVER AGAIN!  
WE BAGS DA WHOLE  
KIT AN' KABOODLE  
TONIGHT...

THAT'S  
IT!



NOW LOOK, FEEBLE-  
BRAIN--DON'T FALL OVER  
THAT FENCE THIS  
TIME! WE HAVE  
BETTER  
TO MOVE FAST AND  
WATCH YOUR  
CATCH THEM ALL!  
OTHERWISE NO  
TWO DOLLARS!

SUCH A HOT  
COMMANDO  
YOURSELF THAT  
NIGHT!



DIS CHLOROFORM  
KEEPS DA CHICKS  
NICE AN' QUIET.  
HEY--DAT LOOKS  
LIKE TROUBLE!

WHAT SOFT  
LIDDLE FEEDERS!..  
HUUH! IT'S TWO  
OF 'EM!



WELL, WELL--  
THREE FOUL  
WEATHER  
FRIENDS!

STAND BACK--  
OR YE'RE A COUPLA  
DEAD CLUCKS!



DETECTIVE COMICS

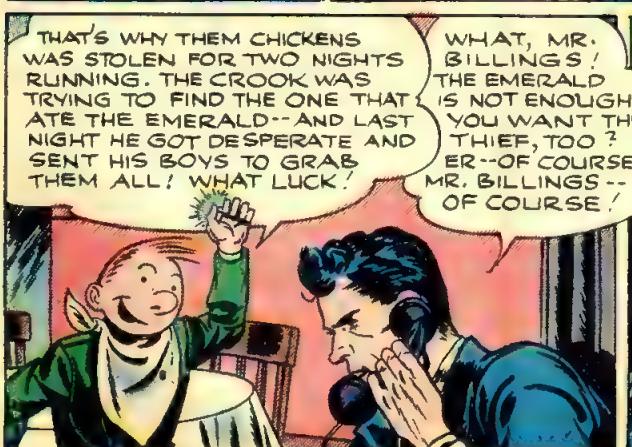
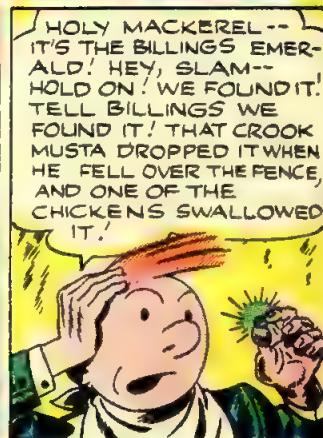
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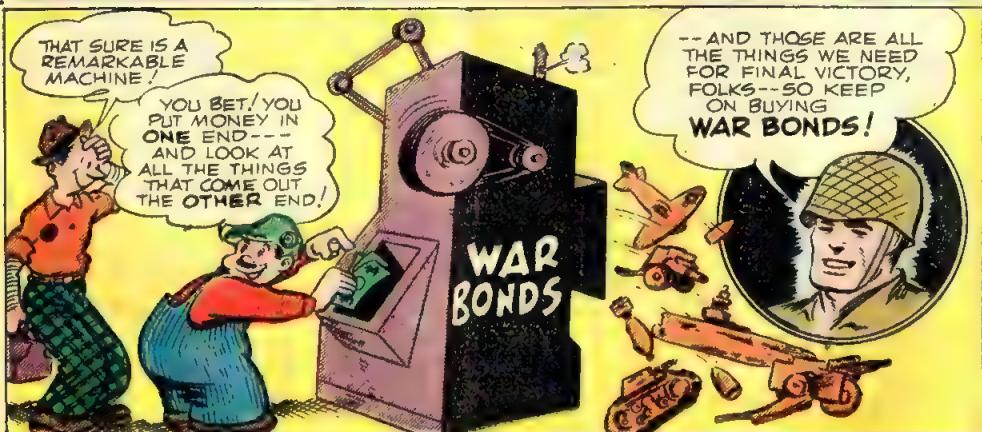
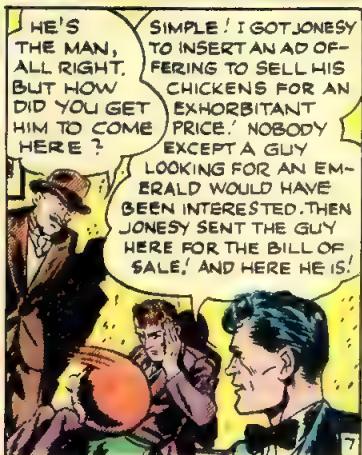
DETECTIVE COMICS

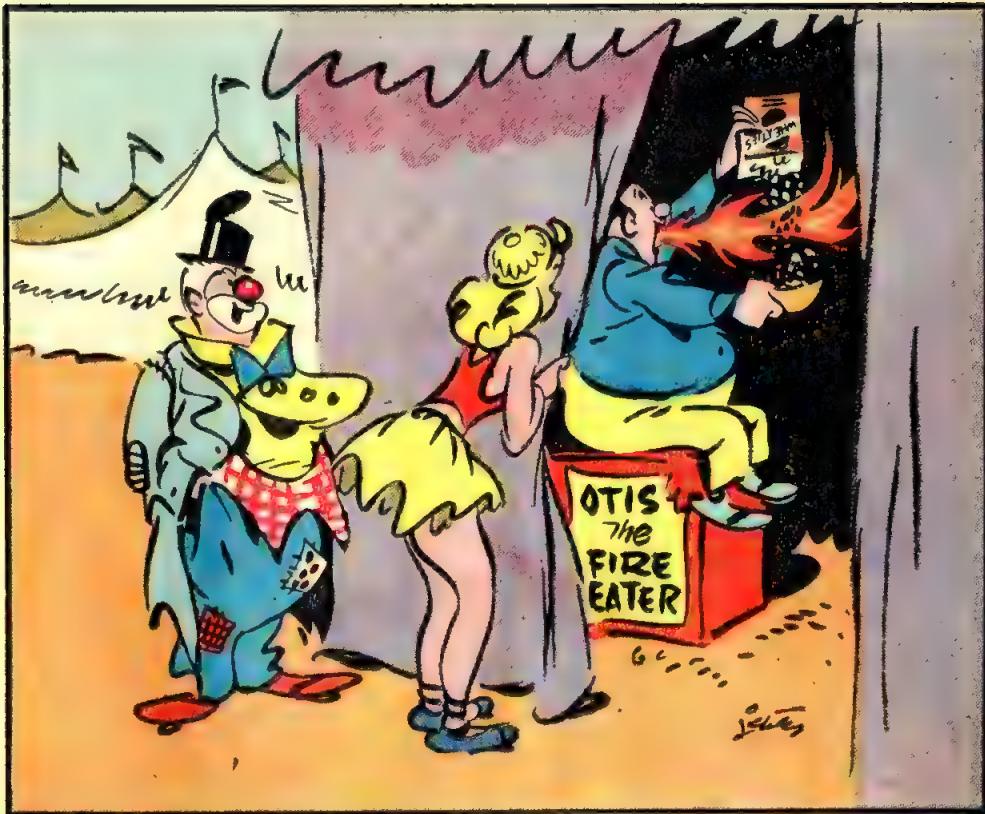


SINCE THE MONEY WOULD HAVE GONE FOR FOOD ANYWAY, THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON FINDS OUR SLUGGING SLEUTHS PREPARING TO ENJOY THEIR REWARD...



THINGS ARE LOOKING PRETTY BLEAK AGAIN--BUT WE HAVE AN IDEA THAT SLAM MAY BE ABLE TO FIGURE A WAY OUT...LET'S LOOK IN ON OUR PALS THE FOLLOWING DAY AS THEY RECEIVE AN IMPORTANT VISITOR...





"He likes his Wheaties double-toasted."



YOU'LL LIKE WHEATIES AS IS. BIG FLAKES OF RICH WHOLE WHEAT. TOASTED JUST RIGHT. CRISP AND CRUNCHY AND FLAVORED WITH TANGY, MALT-SWEET SYRUP.

YES, WHEATIES ARE MIGHTY GOOD EATING. GOOD FOR YOU, TOO. THOSE SWELL TASTING FLAKES ARE PACKED WITH THE WIDELY-KNOWN

ESSENTIAL NOURISHMENT OF REAL WHOLE WHEAT. THE SAME CONCENTRATED FOOD VALUES SO MANY BIG-TIME ATHLETES GET WHEN THEY BUILD THEIR BREAKFAST LINE-UP AROUND A MAN-SIZED BOWL OF MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."

WHEATIES DELIVER THE KIND OF CHAMPION NOURISHMENT YOU WANT TO GET. AND THEY'RE LOADED WITH A "SECOND HELPING" FLAVOR YOU REALLY ENJOY. SO PUT IN YOUR Bid FOR PLENTY OF MILK AND FRUIT AND WHEATIES. THAT FAMOUS "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS," WHEATIES, IS YOUR KIND OF DISH.



**"Breakfast of  
Champions"**

WITH MILK AND FRUIT

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of GENERAL MILLS, INC.

# AIR WAVE

KOSSOS.

**AIR WAVE** HAS HAD MANY UNUSUAL ADVENTURES, PITTING HIS INDIVIDUAL INGENUITY AGAINST THE BANDED STRENGTH OF CRIMINALS! BUT THE MOST BIZARRE ADVENTURE OF ALL COMES WHEN THE WIRELESS WONDER MATCHES WITS WITH DARING CRIMINALS WHOSE GOAL IS...

"LOOT for LAUGHTER!"



OUR STORY BEGINS IN INDIA, WHERE AN AMERICAN SALESMAN CALLS ON THE MAHARAJAH OF PIMBO...

HA HA! LOOK AT HIS EYE! AINT THAT A SCREAM YOUR HIGHNESS?

I SAW NOTHING IN THE LITTLE BOX, EXALTED ONE!

MERCY, SALIB!

I'M GONNA LET YA HAVE IT, SEE! RIGHT BETWEEN THE EYES, SEE!... THIS'LL KILL YOU YOUR HIGHNESS!



DETECTIVE COMICS

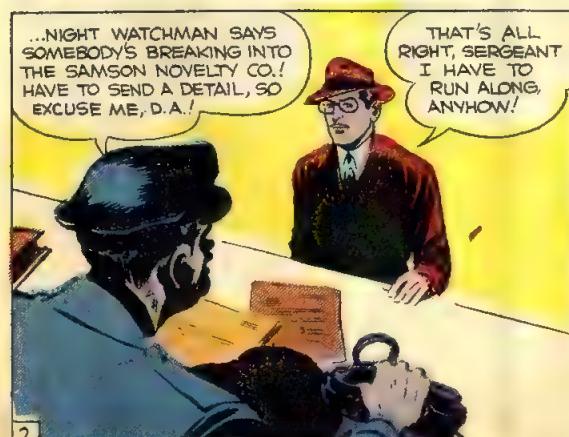
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PUBLICATIONS



*Our Story switches to America... several weeks later.*



BUT AS THE GANGSTERS PROWL THROUGH THE PREMISES...





## DETECTIVE COMICS



AND SOON, AN EMERALD-CLAD FIGURE SPEEDS THROUGH THE NIGHT...THAT SUPER-CHARGED WIZARD OF WIRELESS, AIR WAVE!



THE FRANTIC ALARM BRINGS THE REST OF THE GANG ON THE RUN!



ONE AT A TIME IS TOO SLOW!



COME ON, YOU GUYS! WE'LL SCRAM WITH WHAT WE ALREADY GRABBED!

DEM'S WELCOME WORDS, BLACK-JACK!



DETECTIVE COMICS

DC  
COMICS

38

DON'T HIT US AGAIN! WE GIVE UP! BLACK-JACK RUN OUT ON US! SO WHY SHOULD WE GET KNOCKED AROUND?

RIGHT! BUT IT LOOKS LIKE YOUR BOSS TOOK ALL THE LOOT WITH HIM!

TURNING THE THUGS OVER TO THE ARRIVING POLICE, *Air Wave* CHECKS UP WITH THE WATCHMAN...

THAT'S ALL THEY TOOK, *Air Wave*! JUST A BUNCH OF THE NOVELTIES OUT OF THE STOCK ROOM... SOME WATER PISTOLS AND TELESCOPES. THEY NEVER WENT NEAR THE OFFICE SAFE!

THAT'S QUEER! LET ME HAVE ONE OF THE TOY PISTOLS, WILL YOU?

FIRST, TO GET THE WAVE LENGTH OF THIS PIECE OF METAL! THEN MY DETECTOR CAN TUNE IN ONE OF THE TOY PISTOLS THEY STOLE!



AN INVISIBLE BEAM FROM *Air Wave's* RADIO-EQUIPPED HELMET DARTS UNERRINGLY TO ITS GOAL.

THAT *Air Wave* GUY HAD TO BUTT IN AND WRECK EVERYTHING! ALL WE GOT WAS PART OF WHAT WE WANTED!

YEAH! NOW WHADDYA DO?

WE GOTTA GO BACK THERE AND GET THE REST OF THE STUFF!





## DETECTIVE COMICS



A FEW  
MINUTES  
LATER...

THIS TIME YOU  
WEREN'T SO SMART,  
*air Wave!* OLD  
BLACKJACK NEVER  
TAKES CHANCES WHEN  
HE'S UP AGAINST A GUY  
LIKE YOU!

VA SURE  
GOT A  
HEAD ON  
YER  
SHOULDERS.  
BLACK-  
JACK!

ALL RIGHT,  
BOYS, GET THE  
REST OF TH' LOOT.  
THIS STUFF  
IS TOO  
VALUABLE  
TO MISS!

I'VE GOT TO DO  
SOMETHING FAST...  
BUT I CAN'T BUDGE  
THESE KNOTS! HM...  
JUST A SECOND!  
MAYBE I CAN...  
IF I CAN KEEP  
THEM BUSY!



Suddenly...

WH?

YOU DON'T  
THINK YOU  
CAN GET  
AWAY WITH  
THIS! DO YOU,  
BLACKJACK?

YEAH, I MEAN  
YOU, BLACK-  
JACK! YOU'RE  
GOING UP THE  
RIVER THIS  
TIME!

I'LL SHOOT  
IT OUT FIRST!  
AW... WHAT'S  
GON' ON  
HERE?



WHILE THE PANICKY GANG LEADER TRIES TO  
FIGURE THINGS OUT, *Air Wave* SWIFTLY TAKES  
ADVANTAGE OF HIS CONFUSION!

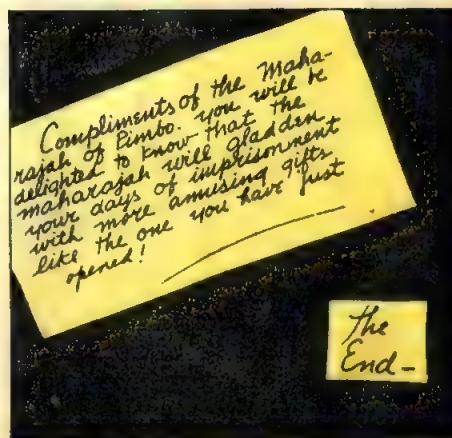
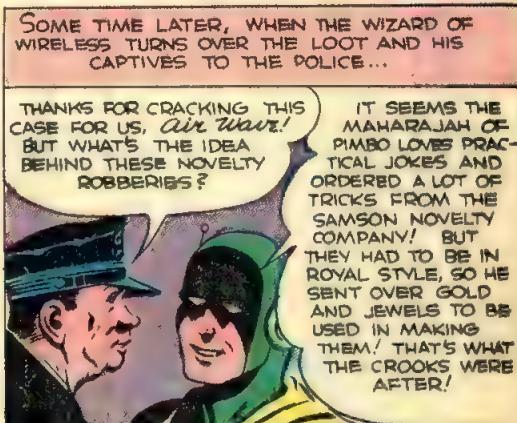
THAT'S KEEPING  
HIM BUSY, ALL  
RIGHT... UGH!  
JUST LIKE TAKING  
OFF A TIGHT  
RING WITH  
SOAP!

A MOMENT  
LATER...

GET  
ACQUAINTED  
WITH A PAL  
OF YOURS!



DETECTIVE COMICS





# JERRY THE JITTERBUG

A BIG LOVING CUP FOR  
THE BEST AND MOST  
UNIQUE COSTUME - IT'LL BE  
A CINCH WITH MY OUTFIT !



THAT  
NIGHT

WELL, I'M OFF  
WITH MY DRAPE  
SUITE TO HAVE  
MYSELF A TIME !

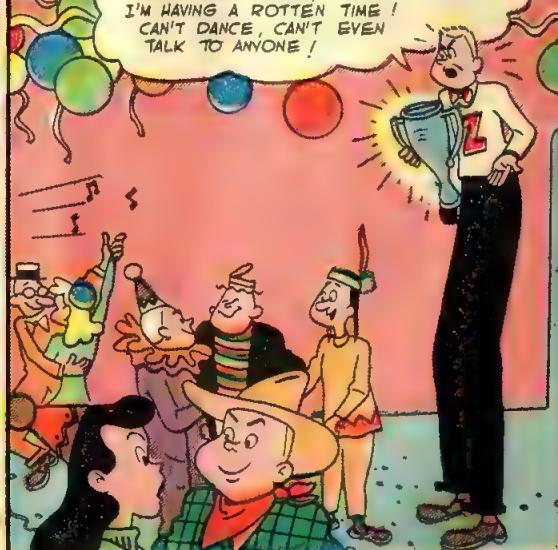


IS THAT SHINDIG GOING  
TO BE TERRIFIC - TWO  
HOT JIVE BANDS !



- AND EVERY CHICK IN TOWN WILL BE THERE  
WHAT A TIME -- JITTERBUGGING AROUND !

I WON FIRST PRIZE, BUT WHAT A DUD !  
I'M HAVING A ROTTEN TIME !  
CAN'T DANCE, CAN'T EVEN  
TALK TO ANYONE !



# MONEY IN THE BANK

by Stan Carter

**M**OST kidnapings, Ryerson's knowledge of crime had taught him, were botched by impatience, lack of imagination and the slavish adherence to a stale pattern. But the snatch of the infant, Spencer Darrell, was different. For one thing, there was no demand for money.

The police, as Ryerson expected, announced that the criminal had grown panicky and given up the idea of ransom.

He laughed at that theory, for he knew more about the abduction of Spencer Darrell than any other person. Naturally, since he was the kidnapper.

He had deliberately not sent a ransom note. Why leave the police, always sniffing for clues, a clear trail of letters, phone calls or advertisements? No, he discarded the old, outworn kidnap plot, knowing that there was almost certain to be an offer without a demand. And he was right.

Clyde Darrell, the orphaned child's grandfather, posted a reward of twenty-five thousand dollars, which, a week later, he doubled. Ryerson knew the police would be skeptical of the results, just as he anticipated their next theory. They soon declared that the frightened kidnaper had probably killed and buried the infant.

Ordinarily, they might have been correct. But it was part of Ryerson's snatch scheme to let the kid live; he arranged to give the child a home with a couple who would be unlikely to learn that he had been kidnapped, and who wanted a baby badly enough to keep him. What he did was straight out of old-fashioned melodrama. He left the child on a doorstep. . . .

Suppose his plan didn't work out? Okay—it would be water under the bridge. He'd merely be disappointed and drop the whole idea. That was the beauty of his crime in his eyes—he was prepared to see it fizzle like a wet firecracker anywhere along the line—without, of course, endangering his skin.

Meanwhile, the kid was like money in the bank which he couldn't touch, the bank in this case being a farm in a thinly populated section of northern Minnesota. True, five years was a long time to wait, but not when the wait was part of the plot itself. . . .

Every so often, as the years passed, Ryerson checked up to see how the boy was getting on. At the same time, he kept in touch with Clyde Darrell, the kid's grandfather, and let him know he hadn't dropped the case, that he was following up this lead and that.

And there was the final cog in Ryerson's perfect crime—he was a private detective. He was the man who had snatched the child, and he was going to be the detective who found him. First he made his case, then he "solved" it.

Now the hour had come to cash in. Calmly, Ryerson put in a long distance call from St. Paul, Minnesota, to Rye, New York, and was connected with the old man.

"Mr. Darrell," he said, with the proper amount of excitement in his voice, "get ready to hear the best news I've been able to give you so far."

"What is it?" came the eager response.

"Your grandson is alive and well!"

"Alive!" the old man exclaimed. Ryerson could hear his breath catch in his throat. "Are you—are you sure?"

"Positive."

He gave Darrell explicit directions for meeting him in St. Paul, and hung up. He had waited five years; now there was only a day left. But for the first time he was a little impatient. He forced himself to grow calm. He had seen too many shrewd plans fail because of impatience. So he bought a good cigar and went to the movies. And when Clyde Darrell arrived by plane, he was again the nerveless, unemotional detective who had hung onto the case when every other investigator dropped out.

\* \* \*

It was sunset when Ryerson and Darrell drove into the farm-yard of Peter Hanson. The sound of the motor and the excited clucking of the chickens brought a woman and a small boy to the kitchen door.

"Let me handle this," Ryerson said to the old man.

He didn't overlook the light in Clyde Darrell's eyes as he gazed devoutly at the youngster, and he was cynically amused.

In a gesture that seemed instinctive, the woman in the doorway put her arm around the boy and drew him close. The husband, rough-hewn and slow-moving, appeared in the kitchen behind them. He pushed open the screen door and stepped out.

"I'm the gentleman who was here the other day," Ryerson addressed him. "Remember?"

The farmer nodded slowly.

"You want water again for car, yes?" he asked, in his deliberate, halting voice.

"No," Ryerson said, showing his detective badge. "We want to talk to you."

"Police?" Hanson rumbled. His wife's fist went up to her lips. "What—what for?"

But just the same he held the door open and led the visitors into the sitting room, where he gestured with awkward courtesy to a pair of straight-backed wooden chairs.

"Go out and play, Peter," the woman whispered to the boy.

"Let him stay here," Ryerson snapped. "That's what we came to see you about." Without giving them a chance to ask questions, he said: "The boy you call Peter isn't your son, is he?"

The woman stood up, white-faced. "What are you saying? That is not true. Who says Peter is not our son? He——"

Hanson went to her, put his big hands on her shoulders. "It has come, Hilda," he said. "We must not lie." He turned to Ryerson, his eyes hurt but clear and frank. "Peter was a baby when we found him outside our door. Who left him, we do not know."

"Mr. Darrell is this child's grandfather," Ryerson said rapidly. "The boy was kidnaped five years ago. Look at him and then look at the picture of this gentleman's own son when he was about the same age."

Ryerson held the picture out to them. The Hansons studied the worn photograph for several minutes. When they returned it, they were pale and silent. But Ryerson was looking at Darrell's face, and he saw his dazed expression of happiness. This was going to be even easier than he had thought.

"Now I'll show you the birthmark," he added triumphantly.

"That's how I was able to prove to myself that this boy is Spencer Darrell. Take your blouse off, son."

The boy's lips were trembling. He was about to cry. Hanson went to him, and with big, gentle fingers unbuttoned the youngster's blouse. "Where you say birthmark is?" he asked.

"On the right shoulder," Ryerson stated, while Clyde Darrell nodded agreement.

Hanson looked at Ryerson stolidly. "When you see mark on boy?" he asked.

"The other day, when I was here for water," Ryerson answered glibly. "He was wearing overalls."

Slowly, the farmer removed the boy's blouse. "There is no birthmark," he said quietly.

"What're you talking about?" Ryerson demanded. "Of course there is!"

But he looked, anyhow, and blinked. There was no blemish on the smooth, tanned skin!

Hanson was staring at Ryerson thoughtfully and rubbing his chin.

"How you see birthmark when there is none?"

Fear stabbed through Ryerson's heart for the first time and pinned his tongue to the roof of his mouth.

"But—but—" Clyde stammered. "This boy can't be Spencer, then. I don't understand what——"

Ryerson stumbled back at a hoarse cry of anger from Hanson. In two strides, the big farmer reached him. He clutched his shirtfront and with his other hand clouted him on the side of the head. Dazed and panicky, Ryerson reached under his jacket for his gun, but strong fingers seized his wrist. There was a jerk, a snapping sound, and Ryerson screamed in agony. The farmer had broken his arm.

"This man is kidnaper!" the farmer roared.

Ryerson looked in terror for a path of escape, but Hanson stood near the door, Ryerson's gun in his hand. Clyde Darrell glanced from Ryerson to the farmer.

"Kidnaper?" he repeated. "But the boy isn't——"

"Boy is your grandson," Hanson said. "I see that by picture. And he did have birthmark, but three years ago he get burned. Doctors put new skin on shoulder."

Ryerson cursed himself for his one careless slip. He hadn't looked to see if the youngster's birthmark was still there. But he was so sure: how could he have anticipated an accident like that?

"This man lie when he say he see birthmark," Hanson went on. "He is kidnaper. He is the one who leave the baby outside door. That is how he know where to find him. That is how he sure boy have mark on shoulder."

Clyde Darrell stood up. Ryerson saw his face grow hard. "The law will take care of you," he said. He turned to the Hansons and his eyes softened. "There is a fifty thousand dollar reward I was prepared to pay for my grandson's return. It's yours."

Ryerson winced at the mention of the money that had been his goal for five years. The Hansons only gazed sorrowfully down at the boy.

"Don't worry," Darrell added gently. "I'm not taking 'your boy' from you, if—if you won't take him away from me." He nodded toward the golden fields beyond the window. "This farm doesn't seem like a bad place for an old man to live part of the year. . . ."

Ryerson gnashed his teeth at the happiness in the faces of the people around him, and moaned in agony, both physical and mental. . . .



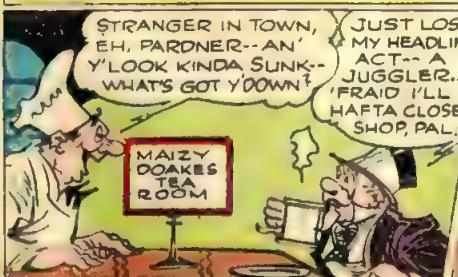
# 'THREE-RING' BANG!

Hiya, chum! -- You are now getting a ringside close-up of "Jigolo, the Juggler" -- that's me, pal! -- the one an' only member of the jugglin' craft in the hull world who can juggle twen'ny six (26) items at once and the same time -- (no applause, please!) now start talking me into a ten year contract!

Ho-hum..!! You just put me in a quick drowse, neighbor -- drop everything an' sit down. And I'll tell you about a jugglin' marvel who could out-juggle you with his hands in his hip pockets! Listen!!



I WAS BARNSTORMING THROUGH THE CANE-BRAKES WITH A WHEEZY ONE-RING CARNIVAL, WHEN EXACTLY MID-SEASON, MY STAR ATTRACTION 'WALKED OUT' ON THE SHOW!



HAH! -- A MERE JUGGLER? -- MY FRIEND, JUGGLERS ARE THE VERY MOSTEST OF WHAT WE HAVE GOT IN THIS MAN'S TOWN -- JUS' STEP OUT IN THE BACK YARD RIGHT NOW AND GIVE MY NEW DISHWASHER A QUICK LOOKIN' OVER!



DETECTIVE COMICS



HEIGH-HO,  
GUVNOR!  
'AVE YOU 'AD  
A FLING AT OUR  
BLUEPLATE SPECIAL?  
INVIGORATING  
ON TOP O'BEING  
TASTY!

ALL DONE IN 'ALF THE TIME--  
Y'SEE, GUVNOR--I TOSSES 'EM  
SO HIGH WHILE THEY'RE STILL  
WET THAT THEY'RE COMPLETELY  
DRY WHEN THEY COME DOWN  
AGAIN--CUTS THE WORK IN HALF--  
I PICKED UP THE KNACK  
BACK 'OME IN AUST-TRYL-YA,  
SIR!

PHEW!

ER--ER--JER LEARN ANYTHING  
ELSE IN THE JUGGLING LINE BACK  
HOME IN AUSTRALIA, SONNY BOY?

WELL, NOW THAT YOU MENTION  
IT, I DID, GUVNOR--I LEARNED  
WHAT'S CALLED THE 'BOOMERANG'  
JUGGLE--IT'S QUITE SIMPLE!

WHAM!--I RIVETED HIM, ON THE SPOT,  
TO A CONTRACT THAT TIED UP  
EVERYTHING BUT THE TRAFFIC!

SIGN THERE, M'LAD--AN' FROM  
NOW ON YOURE TO  
BE KNOWN AS 'JUGGOLITO', THE  
**JUGGERNAUT OF JUGGLING!**

--BUT INSTEAD OF THE MONOTONOUS  
OLD 'STRAIGHT UP AN' DOWN' JUGGLE--  
YOU JUGGLE 'ON A SLANT'--THE  
SAME AS YOU TOSS A BOOMERANG--  
LIKE THIS FOR INSTANCE--IT'S QUITE SIMPLE!

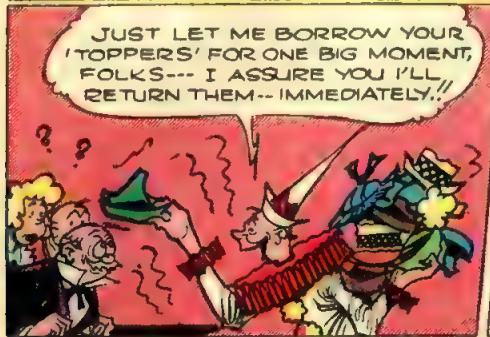
--AND HE WAS A DOUBLE BOX-  
OFFICE 'SELLOUT' FROM HIS  
VERY FIRST APPEARANCE!

OH, BOY, IS THIS  
'JUGGOLITO' THE BERRIES!  
HE'S SO 'HOT', HE COULD  
JUGGLE IN A BASS-DRUM..!

DETECTIVE COMICS

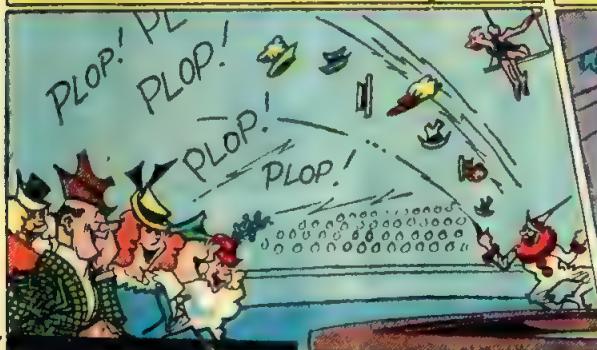
-- HE HAD ONE GAG THAT SIMPLY 'FLOORED THEM IN THE AISLES', FOR AN 'OPENING' -- HE'D COLLECT THE FIRST HUNDRED HATS, (NO MORE, NO LESS) THAT HE CAME TO, FROM THE AUDIENCE --

HE WOULD THEN JUGGLE THESE, AT RANDOM, MIXING THEM UP COMPLETELY, UNTIL HE HAD REACHED THE FAR SIDE OF THE ARENA --



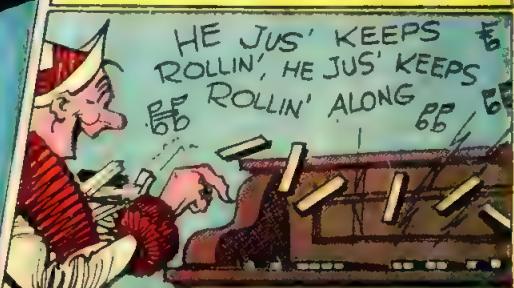
--THEN IN ONE GRAND FLOURISH HE'D RETURN THE ENTIRE HUNDRED HATS, CLEAR ACROSS RING TO EACH AND EVERY INDIVIDUAL OWNER'S HEAD! AT THE EXACT TILT!

ONE OF HIS 'SLAM' SURPRISE STUNTS WAS TO OFFER TO LIGHT ANY CUSTOMER'S CIGAR, AT 50 PACES -- AND HE'D DO IT EVERY TIME.



HE COULD ALSO TOSS A FULL GLASS OF WATER TWENTY FEET IN THE AIR, (MAKING A FIGURE EIGHT, (8) IN TRANSIT) AND CATCH EVERY LAST DROP OF IT, ON THE WAY DOWN IN ANOTHER GLASS AT ARM'S LENGTH---

OH YES.. AND THIS ONE IS THE 'TOPS' TO TOP ALL 'TOPS'-- HE WOULD TAKE THE ENTIRE KEYBOARD OFF A PIANO--AND THEN TOSS THE KEYS BACK ONE AT A TIME-- PLAYING 'OLD MAN RIVER' WHILE DOING IT!!



DETECTIVE COMICS

B-B-BUT, (SIGH) LIKE ALL GOOD THINGS, IT HAD TO COME TO AN END--- AND A VERY SUDDEN END IT WAS TOO! (ANOTHER (GULP) SIGH ).

BOSS, JUST A NOTE TO YOU, PINNED TO JUGGOLITO'S DRESSING ROOM DOOR -- HE LEFT AT DAWN, BAG 'N' BAGGAGE, FOR PARTS UNKNOWN !!

AN' WHAT HAPPENED AFTER THAT, PAL-- WHERE'S JUGGOLITO NOW?

WELL, SON, I GUESS THE NEXT DAY WAS THE SADDEST, FINEST, BLUEST AND MOST GLORIOUS DAY OF MY ENTIRE CAREER-- I LEARNED THAT JUGGOLITO HAD SHIPPED OFF HOME TO AUSTRALIA, TO JOIN THE COLORS AT ONCE!

-- AND A LETTER JUST IN, FROM HIS COMMANDING OFFICER, SAYS THAT HE'S TOURING THE 'ISLAND-HOPPING' CIRCUIT OUT THERE--AND STICKING STRICTLY TO HIS 'SMASH' SPECIALTY ACT--'THE BOOMERANG JUGGLE' -- WITH THE JAPS' OWN BOMBS AND GRENADES -- HE'S ALSO NOW A TWELVE CITATIONED 'KNOCKOUT'!!

EVERY FLIP RIPS  
A NIP FOR A  
ONE-WAY TRIP...  
WHAMMO!!

HEY, SON. WHAT'S YOUR HURRY, AN'  
WHERE Y' HEADING?

I'M HEADIN' TO SIGN UP FOR THE SOUTH PACIFIC, CHUM-- AN' BETWEEN JAPS, IF I MEET UP WITH JUGGOLITO-- I'M ADDIN' THAT 'BOOMERANG' TWIST TO MY REPPY-TWARRY! I'LL BE SEEIN' YA!

EXIT  
(QUIETLY)



ACTUAL MODELS  
ILLUSTRATED

Hollow Fuselage  
Over 9' Wing Spread

# Build and FLY!

THE ALLIES' ACE ATTACK PLANES



AIRACOBRA P-39



STORMOVIK IL-2

Get these flying models of the deadly low-altitude fighters that strafe and bomb Jap and German ground forces in support of advancing allied troops. America's fast-striking, nose-cannoned *Bell P-39 Airacobras*. And the plane the Nazis fear—the *IL-2 Stormovik*, which hurls Russia's famous tank-tearing rocket bombs.

Build them yourself from the newest of the *Jack Armstrong Tru-Flite Fighter Model Kits*. You receive complete unassembled models, laid out in full color on specially treated cover stock. A top notch assembly job takes about two hours.

Your planes actually fly! Yes, the models you build are designed to glide and soar up to 75 feet when launched by hand. And when you rig them for G-line flight they can be guided into simulated bomb-

ing dives and strafing sweeps.

They can take it. Your Airacobra and Stormovik models are built for top speed and real maneuverability. They're built for ruggedness, too. You can send them on hundreds of fighting forays—indoors and out—with serious damage to the ships.

Start a squadron of the world's most famous fighters. These two planes are numbers 11 and 12 in a series of battle-famous aircraft which are your extra dividend for eating Wheaties. Get complete information on how you can obtain every one of these fast flying models. And get acquainted with champion nourishment and zippy flavor and good fun—in a heaping bowlful of milk, fruit, and Wheaties, "Breakfast of Champions."

**FREE!**  
WITH TWO  
WHEATIES  
BOX TOPS

LIMITED OFFER—SEND NO MONEY. To get complete assembly kits for cutting out your Airacobra P-39 and Stormovik IL-2—just send your name and address with two Wheaties box tops to Jack Armstrong, Box 7140, Chicago, Illinois. Send no money—put your dimes in War Stamps. But remember this special offer is good only while limited supplies last, or until October 1, 1944. So send at once! Today!

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**"BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS"**

WITH MILK AND FRUIT



The

# The BOY COMMANDOS

in "Retreat to Paradise!"



**ORDER OF THE DAY:**

Even paradise is no place to relax and take it easy... you never know what territory the Axis will want next!

*Rip Carter*  
CAPTAIN

THERE ARE PLENTY OF PEOPLE LIKE PROFESSOR WATKINS... PEOPLE WHO WOULD LIKE NOTHING BETTER THAN TO FLEE FROM THE PULSE-QUICKENING DANGERS OF WAR TO SOME PEACEFUL ISLE FAR OFF THE BEATEN PATH! AND WHEN FATE PLAYS AN UNEXPECTED PRANK, IT SEEMS THAT HE AND THE GALLANT BOY COMMANDOS HAVE SEEN THE LAST OF FIGHTING FOR THE DURATION... UNTIL TROUBLE FROM TOKYO MAKES A SUDDEN AND DRAMATIC APPEARANCE AMONG THE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING!

by  
JOE SIMON  
and  
JACK KIRBY

DETECTIVE COMICS

AS A SMALL FREIGHTER DARES THE DANGEROUS WATERS OF THE PACIFIC, FOUR YOUNG VETERANS FACE THE DECK RESTLESSLY...

HERE I T'INK WE'RE GOIN' INTA IMMEDIATE ACTION, AN' IT TURNS OUT TA BE A SEA VOYAGE!

AND WITH NOTHING TO DO BUT LOOK AT DER VATER!



GOOD DAY, YOUNG GENTLEMEN, I AM PROFESSOR WATKINS! BEAUTIFUL DAY, ISN'T IT?

OUI, IT IS A FINE DAY FOR ZE SUBMARINES! ZEY CAN SEE US FROM MILES AWAY!



AH, I WAS FORGETTING! THIS TERRIBLE WAR! WHEN I REACH MY OWN ISLAND, IT'LL SEEM SO FAR AWAY, AND YET ALL THE TIME, I'LL KNOW THAT MILLIONS OF PEOPLE ARE STILL CAUGHT IN ITS TOILS!



BUT I SUPPOSE I'D BETTER NOT TALK ABOUT THAT, TELL ME, DO YOU LADS LIKE FLOWERS?

FLOWERS? ARE YOU BEIN' FUNNY?



NOT AT ALL, MY DEAR YOUNG FELLOW, NOT AT ALL! FLOWERS ARE VERY IMPORTANT TO ME! I'D LIKE NOTHING BETTER THAN TO GROW FLOWERS...

NEW VARIETIES OF DAHLIAS, ROSES, SWEET PEAS... BUT UNFORTUNATELY, THERE'S A WAR GOING ON!

AIN'T DAT TOO BAD!



WHAT'S WRONG, BOYS?



MILLIONS OF  
 PEOPLE GIVE DEIR  
 LIVES TA STOP DA  
 RATZIS AN' DA  
 JAPS... HUNNEDRS  
 OF MILLIONS  
 SWEAT BLOOD...

ENGLISHMEN,  
 FRENCHMEN,  
 RUSSIANS,  
 YUGOSLAVS,  
 GREEKS, ALL  
 FIGHTING TO  
 PROTECT HIM,  
 AND ZOSE LIKE  
 HIM...

AND ALL HE  
 CAN ZINK OF IS  
 TO GROW FLOWERS  
 ON HIS ISLAND!  
 PARBLEU, EET  
 EES DISGUSTING!

H'AND BLOKES  
 LIKE THAT GET  
 SPECIAL PERMISSION  
 TO TRAVEL ON  
 FREIGHTERS, WHEN  
 EVERY SPARE H'INCH  
 OF SPACE IS  
 NEEDED!

BUT THERE ARE GREATER EVILS THAN  
 PROFESSOR WATKINS' LOVE OF FLOWERS  
 TO CONTEND WITH ON THIS TRIP! THAT  
 NIGHT ...

WE FOLLOW ALL

DAY, AT LAST FIND GOOD  
 CHANCE TO SINK SHIP! ALSO,  
 SAVE PRECIOUS TORPEDO!  
 FIRE QUICKLY, STUPID ONES!

THE JAPS ARE  
 SHELLING US!  
 COME ON,  
 BOYS!

WE ARE  
 READY.  
 CAPITAINNE  
 CARTER!

A NAVY GUN CREW SPRINGS INTO ACTION...

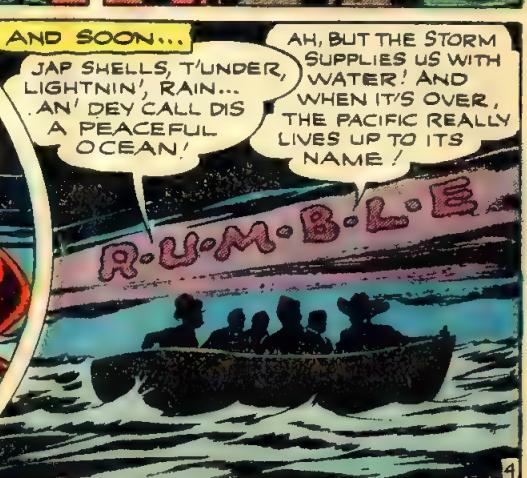
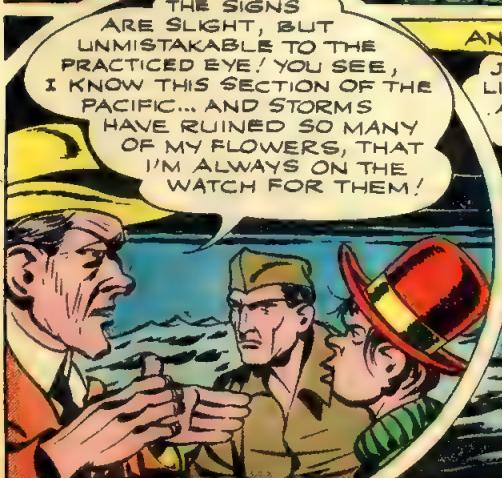
IF DEY TINK WE ARE  
 DEFENSELESS BECAUSE  
 WE ARE LITTLE, DEY  
 LEARN BETTER!  
 VERY QUEECK!

ACCURATE  
 AMERICAN GUNNERY  
 SOON FINDS ITS MARK!

BLIMEY,  
 THAT ONE  
 DID FOR  
 THEM!

YEAH, TA GET CLOSE  
 ENOUGH TO HIT US IN  
 DA DARK, DEY HAD  
 TA GET CLOSE ENOUGH  
 FOR US TA HIT DEM!

Boom!



DETECTIVE COMICS

EVENTUALLY, THE STORM DIES AWAY! AND IN THE MORNING...

WE LOST DE OTHER BOATS... BUT LOOK WHAT WE FOUND!

A BEAUTIFUL ISLAND, APPARENTLY UNINHABITED.



YOU ORTER BE HAPPY 'ERE, PROFESSOR! FLOWERS H'EVERY BLOOMIN' PLACE YOU LOOK.

BUT WE CANNOT EAT FLOWERS! WE MUST BEGIN AT ONCE TO LOOK FOR FOOD!



NO NEED TO LOOK FAR, GENTLEMEN! IF THERE AREN'T ENOUGH COCONUT PALMS TO FEED US ALL, THE ROOT OF THIS PLANT WILL DO THE TASK! IT'S EXTREMELY NOURISHING!

HEY, KNOWIN' SUMPIN' ABOUT FLOWERS COMES IN HANDY AFTER ALL!

YES, BROOKLYN, WE'RE LUCKY TO HAVE PROFESSOR WATKINS ALONG WITH US!

ALL DA SAME, ROOTS AN' COCONUTS AINT WHAT Y'A'D CALL A BALANCED DIET! HOW ABOUT A STEAK FER A CHANGE?

YOU'RE ASKING FOR A LITTLE TOO MUCH, BROOKLYN... BUT I NOTICED A STREAM NOT FAR FROM HERE, AND THERE MAY BE FISH! COME ON!



YES, THERE ARE FISH... BUT WARY ONES!

DA DOITY BUMS! DEY'RE SUSPICIOUS! DEY WON'T LET ME CATCH 'EM!

I'M AFRAID SHORT CUTS ARE OUT, BOYS! WE'LL HAVE TO MANUFACTURE HOOKS, AND ATTACH THEM TO LINES!

H'AND THEN WE'VE TER LEARN WHAT KIND OF BAIT THEY LIKE. THAT'LL TYKE TIME!



THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY, GENTLEMEN! I HAVE HERE SEVERAL ROOTS RESEMBLING DERRIS, USED BY THE NATIVES OF SOUTH AMERICA!



DETECTIVE COMICS

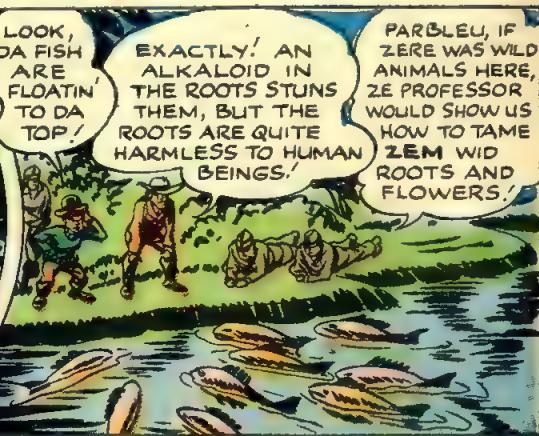


THEY CATCH FISH BY SIMPLY PLACING THE CRUSHED AND GROUND ROOTS IN THE WATER! IF YOU WILL KINDLY COME ASHORE, YOU WILL BE ABLE TO SEE FOR YOURSELVES!

LOOK, DA FISH ARE FLOATIN' TO DA TOP!

EXACTLY! AN ALKAЛОID IN THE ROOTS STUNS THEM, BUT THE ROOTS ARE QUITE HARMLESS TO HUMAN BEINGS!

PARBLEU, IF ZERE WAS WILD ANIMALS HERE, ZE PROFESSOR WOULD SHOW US HOW TO TAME ZEM WID ROOTS AND FLOWERS!



THAT NIGHT, AROUND A GLOWING CAMPFIRE...

IT'S KINDA COZY AROUND HERE...BUT DIS IS NO PLACE FER US!

YES, WE HAVE A JOB TO DO...WE'LL HAVE TO FIND A WAY TO GET BACK INTO ACTION!

BUT, GREAT SCOTT, GENTLEMEN...

YOU CAN'T POSSIBLY GET BACK! DON'T YOU SEE THAT WE'RE COMPLETELY ISOLATED ON THIS ISLAND! FOR BETTER OR FOR WORSE, WE'RE OUT OF THIS WAR! IT'LL HAVE TO GO ON TO THE END WITHOUT US!

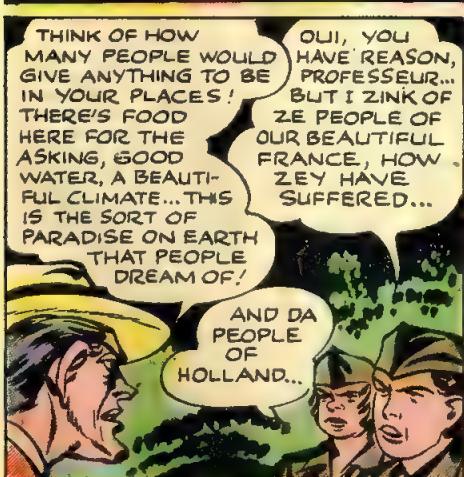


THINK OF HOW MANY PEOPLE WOULD GIVE ANYTHING TO BE IN YOUR PLACES! THERE'S FOOD HERE FOR THE ASKING, GOOD WATER, A BEAUTIFUL CLIMATE...THIS IS THE SORT OF PARADISE ON EARTH THAT PEOPLE DREAM OF!

OUI, YOU HAVE REASON, PROFESSEUR... BUT I ZINK OF ZE PEOPLE OF OUR BEAUTIFUL FRANCE, HOW ZHEY HAVE SUFFERED...

H'AND OF H'ENGLAND, AND CHINER, AND ALL THE H'OTHER COUNTRIES! THEY'RE GONE TER KEEP ON SUFFERIN' TILL THE WAR'S OVER!

DIS PLACE IS OKAY, BUT IT AINT NUTTIN' COMPARED TO BROOKLYN! SO I'M LOOKIN' FER A WAY OUT!



DETECTIVE COMICS

THROUGHOUT THE NEXT MORNING...

I'M AFRAID PROFESSOR WATKINS IS RIGHT, BOYS! IF WE HAD A BIGGER VESSEL THAN THAT LIFEBOAT, WE MIGHT CHANCE SETTING OUT FOR HAWAII... BUT AS THINGS ARE, THAT WOULD BE FOOL-HARDY!

ME UP IS DAT DA PROFESSOR DON'T CARE! HE JUST GOES AROUND SNIFFIN' FLOWERS... SAYS IT MAKES 'IM TINK BETTER!

LOOKS LIKE DERE AIN'T NUTTIN' BETTER TA DO DAN SNIFF FLOWERS TOO, AN ENJOY DIS PARADISE! BAH!

BUT EVEN THE ORIGINAL PARADISE HAD ITS SERPENT... AND THIS ONE IS NO EXCEPTION! ON THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF THE ISLAND... HA!

HERE IS BEAUTIFUL HARBOR DISCOVERED BY FISHERMEN! AND STUPID AMERICANS DO NOT SUSPECT!

WE BUILD SECRET SUBMARINE BASE. SUBMARINES SINK MANY AMERICAN SHIPS!

YES, BUT WE MUST HURRY, HONORABLE CAPTAIN, BEFORE AMERICANS CUTOFF SUPPLY ROUTES!

AND NOW, AS PROFESSOR WATKINS, LIKE A HUGE BLUNDERING BUMBLE-BEE, FLITS FROM ONE FLOWER TO ANOTHER...

AH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL SPECIES... EHH?

LOOK LIKE AMERICAN SPY! YOU COME WITH US, PLEASE, OR WE SHOOT!

WE FIND SPY, HONORABLE CAPTAIN!

EXCUSE ME, CAPTAIN, THERE IS A SLIGHT MISAPPREHENSION! I AM NOT, AS YOUR OWN EYES SHOULD ASSURE YOU, A SPY!

HMM, AMERICANS NOT CLEVER LIKE US, BUT SOME-TIMES TRICKY IN STUPID WAY! AM NOT SO SURE!

DETECTIVE COMICS



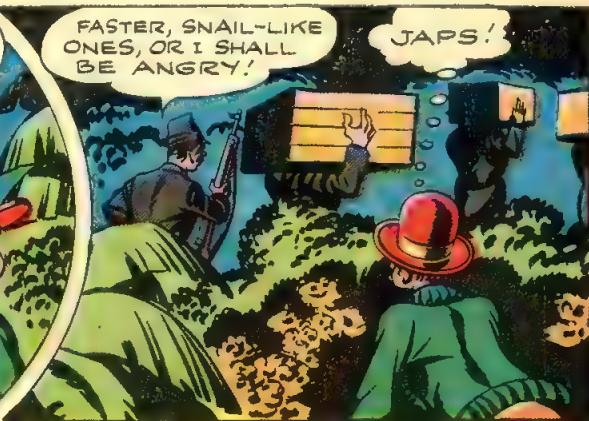
MEANWHILE...

BLIMEY, WOT  
HAPPENED TO THE  
PERFESSOR? HI  
AIN'T SEEN 'IM  
FOR HOURS!

I BETTER  
GO LOOK  
FOR HIM!

FASTER, SNAIL-LIKE  
ONES, OR I SHALL  
BE ANGRY!

JAPS!



I HOPE YOU TAKE ME  
TO TOKYO, CAPTAIN!  
I'VE ALWAYS WANTED  
TO SEE THE CHERRY  
BLOSSOMS IN THEIR  
NATIVE GLORY!

HMM, MOST AMERICANS  
NOT LIKE BEAUTY,  
BUT SOMETIMES  
WE FIND EXCEPTIONS,  
LIKE YOU, WHO  
UNDERSTAND  
JAPANESE SOUL!

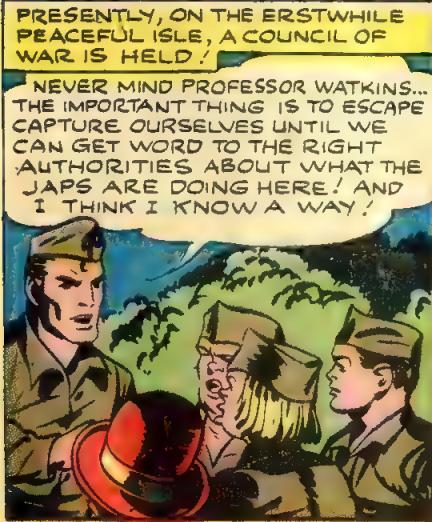
WHY,  
DA  
DOITY  
RAT!

PLAYIN' UP TO DA NIPS  
TA SAVE HIS OWN SKIN!  
WAIT TILL I TELL DA  
BOYS ABOUT DIS!



PRESENTLY, ON THE ERSTWHILE  
PEACEFUL ISLE, A COUNCIL OF  
WAR IS HELD!

NEVER MIND PROFESSOR WATKINS...  
THE IMPORTANT THING IS TO ESCAPE  
CAPTURE OURSELVES UNTIL WE  
CAN GET WORD TO THE RIGHT  
AUTHORITIES ABOUT WHAT THE  
JAPS ARE DOING HERE! AND  
I THINK I KNOW A WAY!



SHORTLY...

IT'S BEEN A LONG  
ROUNDABOUT SWIM,  
BUT THEY DON'T EXPECT  
TROUBLE FROM THIS  
SIDE! WE'LL TAKE  
THEM BY SURPRISE!

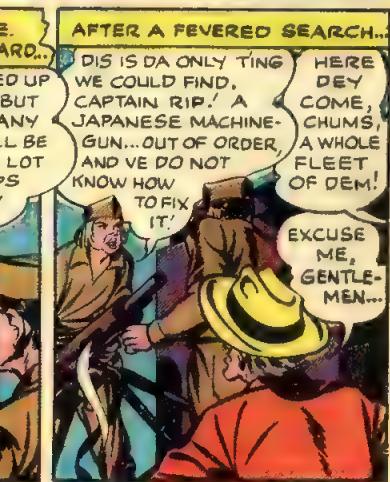
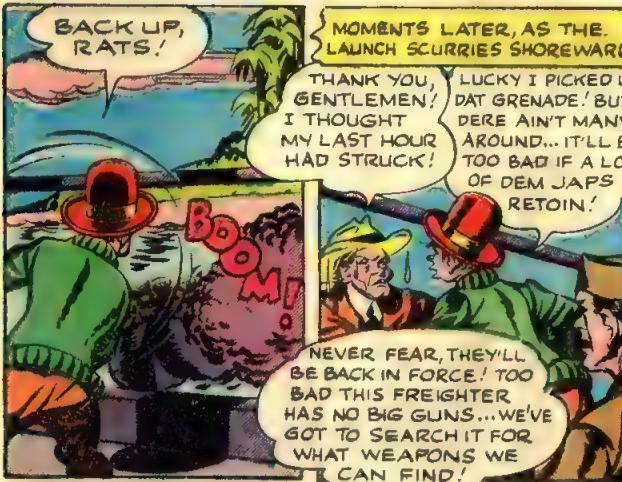
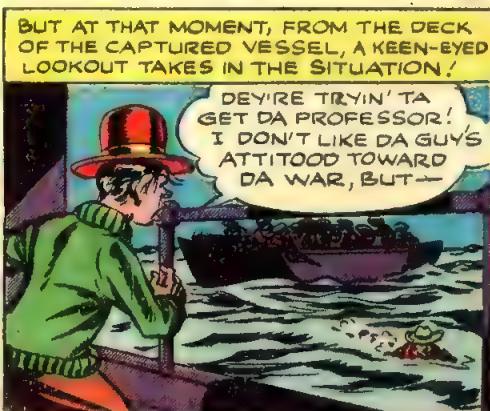
AN' WID MOST OF  
DEM ON SHORE, AN'  
JUST A FEW CREW  
MEMBERS ON DA  
SHIP, IT'LL BE  
A CINCH FER  
US TA TAKE 'EM  
OVER!



DETECTIVE COMICS



DETECTIVE COMICS



DETECTIVE COMICS

A LEADEN HAIL OF DEATH SPATTERS AGAINST THE ONCOMING FLOTILLA!

RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT

JEEPERS! I BEEN ALL OVER DA WOILD... BUT I NEVER SAW NOBODY DO WID A MACHINE-GUN WHAT HE CAN DO!

DEY'RE OUTTA RANGE NOW, PERFESSER! YA KIN TAKE IT EASY... BUT FOIST YA GOTTA TELL ME HOW YA LOINED TA HANDLE A JAP MACHINE-GUN!

BUT I KNOW HOW TO HANDLE ALL SORTS OF MACHINE-GUNS!

YOU SEE, I'M A MACHINE-GUN INVENTOR! AND THIS PARTICULAR MODEL WAS ADAPTED FROM ONE I MYSELF DEVISED!

HUH...? AN' I WAS TINKIN' MAYBE YA LIKED DA JAPS' WHEN I OVERHOID YA TALKIN' ABOUT JAPANESE CHERRY-BLOSSOMS...

YOU WEREN'T ENTIRELY WRONG!

I DO LIKE CHERRY-BLOSSOMS... BUT I DON'T LIKE JAPANESE MILITARISTS!

BUT THAT'S BESIDE THE POINT... I BECAME FRIENDLY WITH THE CAPTAIN FOR QUITE DIFFERENT REASONS...

I DIDN'T WANT HIM TO SUSPECT THAT YOU WERE ON THE ISLAND WITH ME, SO I TRIED TO KEEP HIS ATTENTION FIXED ON ME!

I WAS SURE WRONG ABOUT YA, PERFESSER! GO AHEAD, WASTE YER TIME SMELLIN' FLOWERS IF YA WANT...

BUT I DON'T WASTE MY TIME! THE FLOWERS HELP ME TO THINK BETTER ABOUT NEW MACHINE-GUNS! THAT'S WHY I GROW THEM ON THE ISLAND WHERE I HAVE MY LABORATORY!

NOW THAT EVERYTHING'S EXPLAINED, WE'LL USE THIS SHIP'S RADIO TO CONTACT AN AMERICAN STATION AND WARN THEM ABOUT THIS NEW BASE!

WOW, DID I HAVE EVERYT'ING WRONG! FROM NOW ON, I'M CULTIVATIN' A TASTE FER POSIES... MAYBE IT'LL HELP ME IN MY MACHINE-GUNNIN'!

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Bumblebeeman (Udo P.)  
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We Will Never Forget ...



FLATTERMANN